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STRATFORD-UPON-AVON  
FROM  
"THE SKETCH BOOK."



WASHINGTON IRVING.



STRATFORD-UPON-AVON  
FROM "THE SKETCH BOOK"  
OF WASHINGTON IRVING. WITH  
NOTES AND ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

EDITED BY RICHARD SAVAGE AND  
WILLIAM SALT BRASSINGTON, F.S.A.

PRINTED BY EDWARD FOX, AT THE  
SHAKESPEARE QUINEY PRESS, AT  
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. MDCCCC.

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TO  
THE MEMBERS  
OF THE  
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON  
SHAKESPEARE CLUB  
THIS LITTLE VOLUME  
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED  
BY  
THREE OF THEIR COLLEAGUES,  
RICHARD SAVAGE,  
W. SALT BRASSINGTON,  
EDWARD FOX.

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*The Notes made by Captain James Saunders on the Stratford portion of Irving's Sketch Book are preserved in a manuscript volume at Shakespeare's Birthplace ; they are beautifully written and illustrated with sketches, many of which are reproduced in the following pages. By kind permission of the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace the whole of these Notes and some by Robert Bell Wheler are here reproduced, with Saunders' illustrations copied in pen and ink by Mr. W. W. Quatremaine.*

*The present issue is the only edition ever published in Stratford-upon-Avon ; it is printed in the house in which Shakespeare's daughter, Judith, and her husband, Thomas Quiney, lived for 36 years, and within a few paces of the room in which the admirable "Sketch" first presented itself to Irving's mind.*

## Forewords.

A short account of the life of Washington Irving, and especially of his visits to Stratford-upon-Avon and neighbourhood, may add interest to this reissue of a portion of the "Sketch Book," and also take the place of a preface. In "The Author's Account of Himself," he abstained from allusions to his parentage and family relations, consequently it cannot be out of place to supply some details which in his modesty he omitted.

His father, William Irving, of Shapinsha, in the Orkney Islands, served during the French War (18th century), as a petty officer on board an English armed packet, plying between Falmouth and New York. His mother was Sarah, the only child of John and Anne Sanders, of Falmouth.

William Irving and Anne Sanders were married at Falmouth on the 11th of May, 1761, and two years later emigrated to America, arriving at New York on the 18th July, 1763. After various wanderings they at last settled in a house No. 121, William Street, New York where Washington Irving was born on 3rd April, 1783. He was the eighth son, and the youngest of eleven children. His baptism took place at the Chapel of St. George, Beekman Street, New York, and he received his baptismal name owing to a remark made by his mother that "Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be called after him."

At the age of sixteen Irving left school and entered the office of a solicitor, continuing the study of the law until he attained his majority, when, owing to the delicate state of his health, his two brothers decided to send him to Europe: he started on his travels on the 19th of May, 1804.

After a pleasant ramble through Italy, Switzerland, and France, we find him in New York on the 17th January, 1806. On the 25th May, 1815, he once more left his native shore for Liverpool, arriving just as tidings of the battle of Waterloo had reached this country. He spent a week there with his brother Peter, and then left for Springfield, Birmingham, "the redoubtable castle of Van Tromp," as he playfully styles the residence of his brother-in-law Henry Van Wart, a house "most delightfully situated in the vicinity of the town."\* From Birmingham he went, for a few days, to London, returning to his "English home"—the domestic circle, at Birmingham—and from thence made

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\* "Springfield," Icknield Street West (formerly Ladywood Lane), was demolished many years ago. It was sold in 1818 by Van Wart to Mr. G. Barker, the family then removing to "Camden Hill," a house still standing, and now enclosed within the works at the corner of Frederick Street and Legge Lane, Newhall Hill, surrounded by streets and houses, but it then overlooked almost rural scenes.

his first visit to Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford-upon-Avon, with his friend James Renwick.

At the latter place they entered their names in the Church Album,† under date 25th July, 1815. To this visit, undoubtedly, we owe the production of the Stratford-upon-Avon Sketch, which has been so aptly described as “perhaps the best bit of Shakespeareana ever penned.”

In January, 1817, we again find Irving at Birmingham, where he remained nearly two months, and, “in spite of hard times,” enjoying himself in the companionship of “The famous troop of Van Tromps.”

He had previously joined his brother Peter in what proved to be an unsuccessful business undertaking at Liverpool. Soon after his return to that town from his Birmingham visit he

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† The Church Albums from June, 1804, to September, 1861, are preserved in the Library at Shakespeare's Birthplace.

received the melancholy tidings of his mother's death, which took place on the 9th of April. No wonder then at his writing on the 28th January, 1818, that "for upwards of two years I have been bowed down in spirit, and harassed by the most sordid cares."

The following June, however, found the brothers free from their business difficulties, the Lord Chancellor having allowed their certificates; and, on the 21st of that month, Irving once more left Liverpool for the Midlands, where he always found a sympathetic friend and adviser in his brother-in-law, to whose friendly counsel the world is no doubt indebted for the "Sketch Book," particularly the Stratford-upon-Avon and Charlecote portion of the work.

It was Henry Van Wart who urged Irving to follow his natural inclination for authorship, knowing that the peculiar pastoral beauty of the Midland scenery, and the simple manners of the people in the rural districts, had a strong

attraction for the young American, to whom everything picturesque or romantic was fascinating. Irving possessed the faculty of presenting common-place details in an interesting manner, and with such dry humour, that his sketches are ever fresh and delightful—expressions of a pure and cultivated nature. They have moreover the additional merit of being truthful pictures of the times of which he wrote.

On the 28th June, 1820, Irving transmitted to his brother, Ebenezer, the sheets for the seventh number of the "Sketch Book," including Westminster Abbey, Stratford-upon-Avon, Little Britain, and the Angler. This was published 13th September, 1820, and terminated the American series.

Writing to his brother from London on the 15th August, 1820, he says:—"The 'Sketch Book' has been very successful in England. The first volume is out of print. . . . The second volume, of which thousands were printed,

is going off briskly, and Murray proposes putting to press immediately a uniform edition of the two volumes at his own expense. I have offered, however, to dispose of the work to him entirely, and am to know his answer to-morrow." Murray bought the copyright for £200.

Charles R. Leslie, a Philadelphian artist, has given an interesting account of Irving's second visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, on which occasion he accompanied his friend. They strolled about Charlecote Park, and other places in the neighbourhood, and while Leslie was sketching, Irving mounted on a stile, or seated on a stone, was busily engaged in writing "The Stout Gentleman." He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to his companion.

From the Church Album it appears they visited Shakespeare's grave on the 10th September, 1821, deferring their visit to the

Birthplace until October, when Irving wrote the following lines in the Birthroom; the original MS. was presented to the Museum by Sam: Timmins, Esq., F.S.A., in 1869.

(. Erased .)

"Great Shakespeare's b

The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see  
That of his death we find without a trace—  
Vain the inquiry, for Immortal he

Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see,  
That where he died in vain to find we try;  
Useless the search:—for all Immortal He  
And those who are Immortal never die.

*W.I. second visit,  
October, 1821."*

*Washington Irving*

Irving's third and last visit to the town was in December, 1831, in company with the American Minister, Martin Van Buren, and his son, J. Van Buren. It is recorded in the Church Album, under date, 20th December, 1831, and their conductor was the grandson of the "old sexton" of the "Sketch Book," Mr. Thomas Kite, who had then succeeded his grandfather in the

office of Parish Clerk.\* Irving describes the visit in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated from Newstead Abbey, January 20th, 1832, thus: "Upwards of a month since I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas. We posted in an open carriage as the weather was uncommonly mild and beautiful for the season. Our first stopping place was Oxford. . . . thence we went to Blenheim. We next passed a night and part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born, and the Church where he lies buried. We were quartered at

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\* Mr. Kite passed away on the 27th of December last (1899), in the 91st year of his age. Interesting reminiscences of Washington Irving's visit were often related by him with pride and delight to his friends; he always referred to Irving as "a perfect gentleman."

the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the 'Sketch Book.' You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker, which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved—'Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.' From Stratford we went to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and then to Birmingham, where we passed a part of three days, dining at Van Wart's."

At Newstead Abbey Irving remained a fortnight, and soon afterwards paid a flying visit to Birmingham. On May 21st, 1832, he arrived in New York, after a passage of forty days. This return was made the occasion for great excitement, insomuch that he subsequently wrote to his brother Peter, "I have been topsy-

turvey ever since." In 1835 he realised a long cherished wish by the purchase of "Sunnyside," a country house pleasantly situated near the Hudson River, and the scenes of his early rambles and later stories.

Irving's appointment in 1841 to be Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid, though a deeply appreciated honour, proved a severe trial, since it obliged him to leave "dear little Sunnyside, and all the broad acres there." On his way to Spain he visited England, and, during the month of May, spent some time with his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, at "The Shrubbery," Birmingham. He reached Madrid towards the end of July, and it was not until three years later (August, 1844), that he again visited the Van Warts. In the autumn of 1845 he paid a visit to Paris, and while there resolved to resign his office, but, writing on the 29th December from that city, he appears to have made up his mind to see his friends in

Birmingham once more before returning to Madrid to await the arrival of his successor.

Early in September, 1846, he bade adieu for ever to Europe and his English friends, and, after an absence of four and a half years, returned to "Sunnyside," where he happily spent the remainder of his days. He passed away on the 28th November, 1859, in the 77th year of his pure and blameless life. Of him and his work, the poet Campbell truthfully remarked :—"Washington Irving has added clarity to the English tongue."



PRIESTS' DOOR, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.



## The Sketch Book.

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### *THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.*

“I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on ; so the traveller that stragleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would.”—LYLY’S EUPHUES.



WAS always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier.

As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighbouring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, from whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting

ships bound to distant climes ; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth !

Farther reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country : and had I been merely influenced by a love of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification ; for on no country have the charms of Nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver ; her mountains, with their bright ærial tints ; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility ; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes ; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure ; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean ; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence ; her skies, kindling with the

magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine:—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth all the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise; Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the common-place realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, besides all this, an earnest desire to see

the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America : not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me ; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe ; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must, therefore, be as superior to a great man of America as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson ; and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of the philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humour has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I

shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter, who had travelled on the Continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the Bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.



PORCH, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.





THE RED HORSE INN, 1820.

## STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream  
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;  
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,  
For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head.

GARRICK.



O a homeless man, who has no  
spot on this wide world which  
he can truly call his own, there  
is a momentary feeling of some-

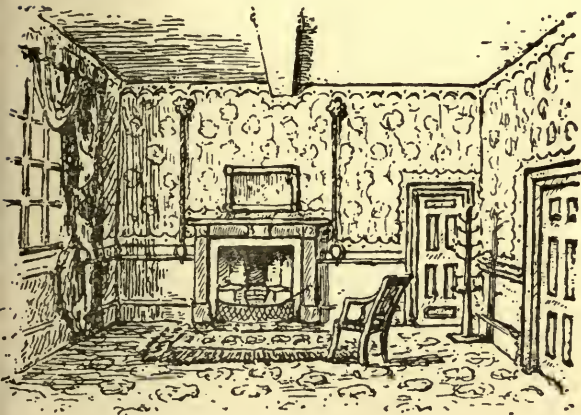
thing like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may ; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne <sup>(1)</sup> the poker his sceptre, and the little



GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SCEPTRE.

parlour, of some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life ; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day ; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?"

thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlour of the Red Horse, at Stratford-upon-Avon.<sup>(2)</sup>

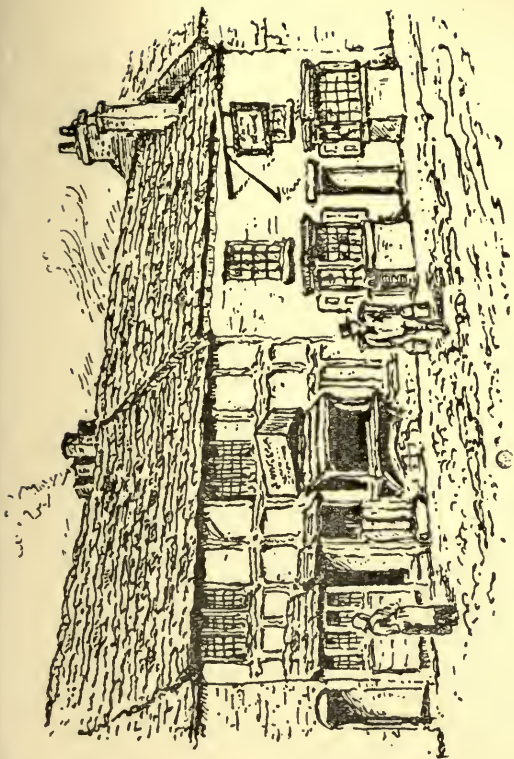


THE WASHINGTON IRVING PARLOUR.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck

midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. <sup>(3)</sup> There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. <sup>(4)</sup> I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end ; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakespeare, the Jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring ; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way ; the north wind had spent its last gasp ; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, 1820.



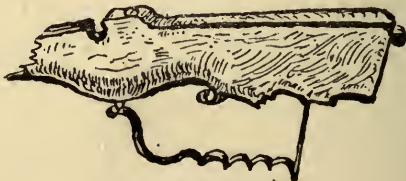
I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. <sup>(5)</sup> It is a small mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature. <sup>(6)</sup>

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady <sup>(7)</sup> in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all



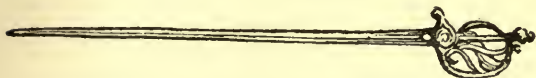
MARY HORNBY, FROM A SILHOUETTE IN THE  
WHEELER COLLECTION.

other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer, on his poaching



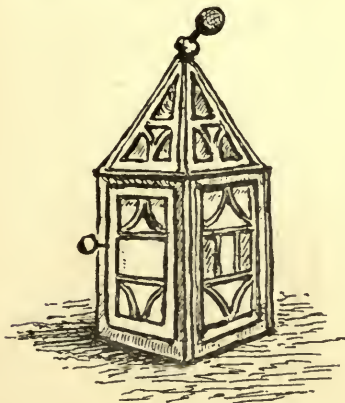
THE MATCHLOCK.

exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box ; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh ; the sword also with which he



SHAKESPEARE'S SWORD.

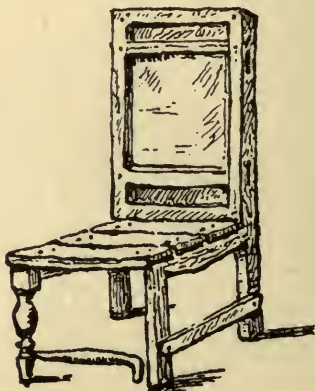
played Hamlet ; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and



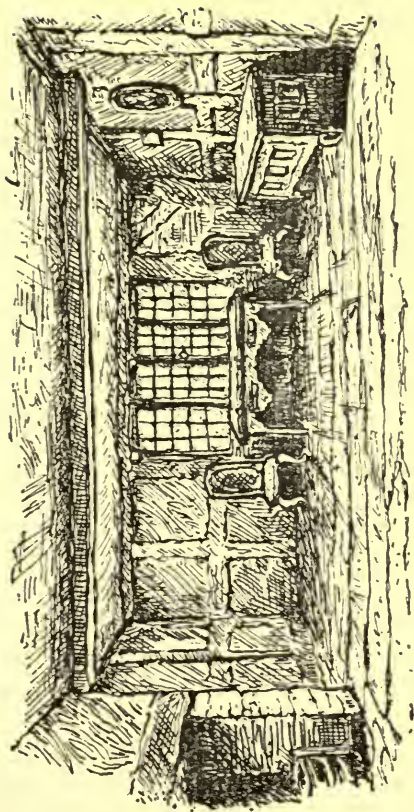
THE LANTERN.

Juliet at the tomb ! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true Cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favourite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the



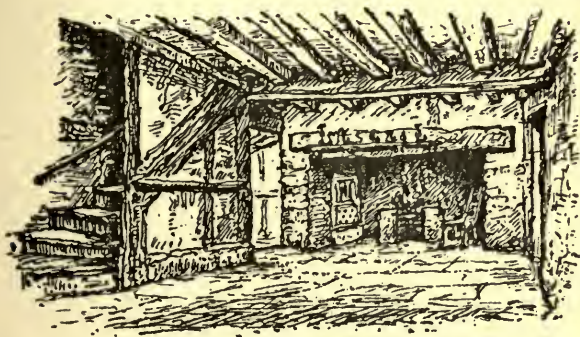
SHAKESPEARE'S CHAIR.



THE BIRTHROOM IN 1820.



chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. <sup>(8)</sup> Here he

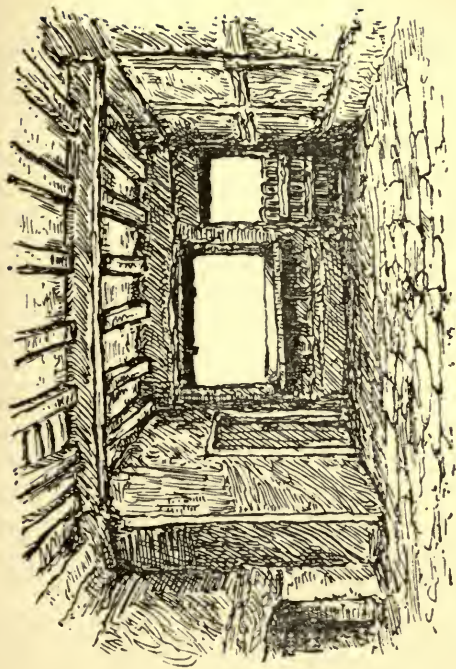


THE BIRTHPLACE : BEST KITCHEN (1820).

may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the

hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say, I merely mention the fact ; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men ; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us,



THE BIRTHPLACE : KITCHEN (1820).



whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humoured credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition<sup>(9)</sup> which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birthplace of Shakespeare a few paces<sup>(10)</sup> brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks

droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer



AVENUE, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH (1820).

an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass ; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise

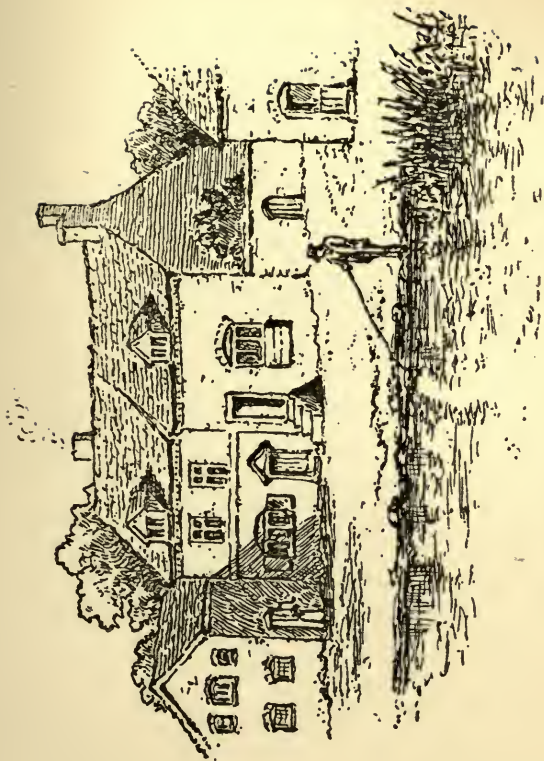


HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, WEST END.

tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual

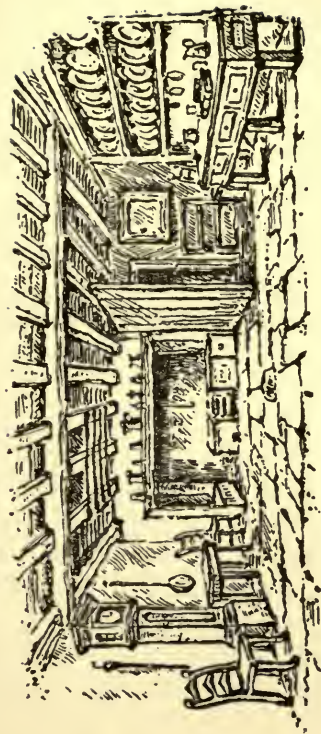
flutter and chirping ; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.<sup>(11)</sup>

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton <sup>(12)</sup> and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low whitewashed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlour, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and Prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed



THE OLD SEXTON'S COTTAGE, WATERSIDE.





THE OLD SEXTON'S COTTAGE, INTERIOR.

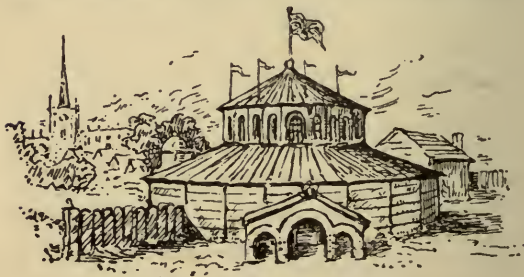


volumes. An ancient clock <sup>(13)</sup> that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room; with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other.<sup>(14)</sup> The fire-place, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl,—and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ainge<sup>(15)</sup> and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighbouring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet “bosom scenes” of life that

they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakespeare's writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over his history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee <sup>(16)</sup> and they



JUBILEE AMPHITHEATRE, 1769.

remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ainge had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry-tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ainge shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house.<sup>(17)</sup> I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of

truth diverge into different channels even at the fountain head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a gothic porch,



STRATFORD CHURCH : NORTH PORCH.

highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak.<sup>(18)</sup> The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over

some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls.<sup>(19)</sup> The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful.<sup>(20)</sup> If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds :

Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare,  
To digg the dvst enclosed heare :  
Bleste be ye man yt spares thes stones,  
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance.<sup>(21)</sup> The

aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead ; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years ; an untimely death for the world : for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favour.

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some labourers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch,

through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains, so awfully guarded by a malediction ; and lest any of the idle or the



STRATFORD CHURCH : CHANCEL.

curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished, and the aperture closed again.<sup>(22)</sup> He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favourite daughter Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place: the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here

is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to



STRATFORD CHURCH : WEST DOOR.

leave the place ; and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the

yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, S.E.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecote, and



THE ARMS OF LUCY, FROM A WINDOW AT  
CHARLECOTE.

to ramble through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity.<sup>(23)</sup> When brought

into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park-gate at Charlecote.\*

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the Knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakespeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a Knight of the Shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal

\* The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon :—

A parliament member, a justice of peace,  
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse,  
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,  
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.

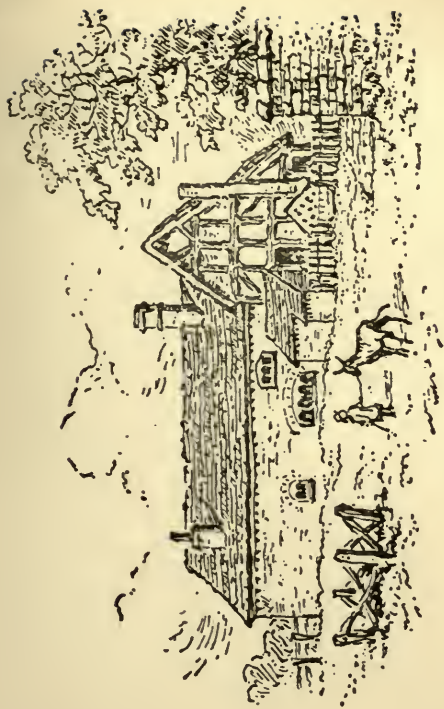
He thinks himself great ;

Yet an asse in his state,

We allow by his ears but with asses to mate.

If Lucy is lowsie as some volke miscall it,

Then sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.<sup>(24)</sup>



KEEPER'S LODGE, DAISY HILL.



trade ; wandered away to London ; became a hanger-on to the theatres ; then an actor ; and, finally, wrote for the stage ; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecote, and revenged himself in his writings ; but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original of Justice Shallow, and the satire is sily fixed upon him by the Justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the Knight, had white luces\* in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet ; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits

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\* The luce is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon about Charlecote.

natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakespeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet ; and had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil, as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that, in early life, when running, like an unbroken colt, about the neighbourhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd anomalous characters ; that he associated with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins, at mention of whom old men

shake their heads, and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a



CHARLECOTE PARK PALINGS.

foray to a Scottish Knight, and struck his eager, and as yet untamed, imagination, as something delightfully adventurous.\*

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\* A proof of Shakespeare's random habits and associates in his youthful days may be found in a traditionary anecdote, picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his "Picturesque Views on the Avon."

About seven miles from Stratford lies the thirsty little market town of Bidford, famous for its ale. Two societies of the village yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of the Bidford toppers, and to challenge the lovers of good ale of the neighbouring villages to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads; and in the number of the champions was Shakespeare, who, in spite of the proverb, that "they who drink beer will think beer," was as true to his ale as Falstaff to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset, and sounded a retreat while they had yet legs to carry them off the field. They had scarcely marched a mile, when, their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab-tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing, and goes by the name of Shakespeare's tree.

In the morning his companions awaked the bard, and proposed returning to Bidford, but he declined, saying he had had enough, having drank with

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,  
Haunted Hillboro', Hungry Grafton,  
Dudging Exhall, Papist Wixford,  
Beggary Broom, and Drunken Bidford.

"The villages here alluded to," says Ireland," still bear the epithets thus given them: the people of Pebworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor; Hillborough is now called Haunted Hillborough; and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil."

The old mansion of Charlecote and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting



SIR THOMAS LUCY, FROM HIS MONUMENT.

from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood at little more than three miles distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless ; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring : to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses ; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade ; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snow-drop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges ; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain ; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the

bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in *Cymbeline* :

Hark ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs,  
On chalic'd flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes ;  
With everything that pretty bin :  
My lady sweet, arise !

Indeed the whole country about here is poetic ground : everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into

his dramas. For, in his time, we are told it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars\*."

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley ; sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders ; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks ; and sometimes rambling

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\* Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," enumerates a host of these fire-side fancies. "And they have so fraid us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, syrens, kit with the can sticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, gigantes, inps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, incubus, Robin-goodfellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell-waine, the fiere drake, the puckle, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadowes."

out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse.<sup>(25)</sup> A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner en-chained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles, I turned off into a foot-path, which led along the borders of fields and under hedge-rows to a private gate of the park ;<sup>(26)</sup> there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian ; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which everyone has a kind of property—at least as far as the foot-path is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and what is more, to the better lot of his neighbour, thus to have parks and pleasure grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely, and lolls as luxuriously under the

shade, as the lord of the soil ; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it, and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries.<sup>(27)</sup> The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue ; and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.<sup>(28)</sup>

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the

long-settled dignity, and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family ; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend



STATUE OF DIANA, CHARLECOTE PARK.

observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fulbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As You Like It." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes, that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which

breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary :

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note,  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither,  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

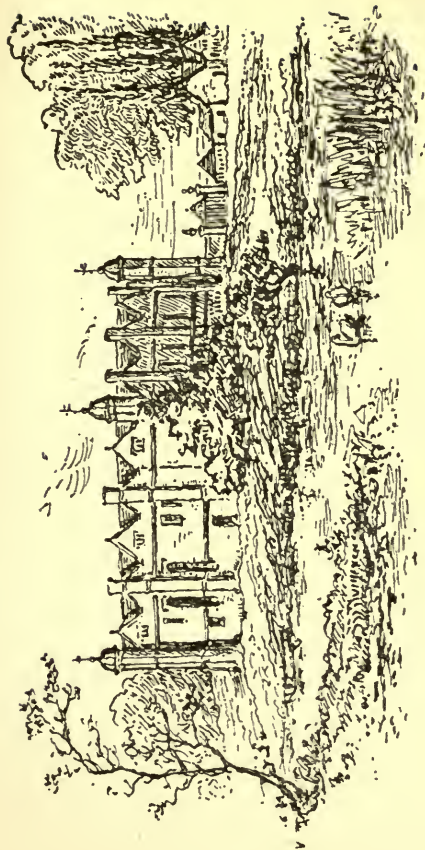
I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of court-yard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-buds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican; being a kind of outpost, and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence.<sup>(29)</sup> The

front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with



CHARLECOTE GATE HOUSE.

armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.



CHARLECOTE, S. W.



The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders ; and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion, I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and affected indifference and real vanity of the latter :

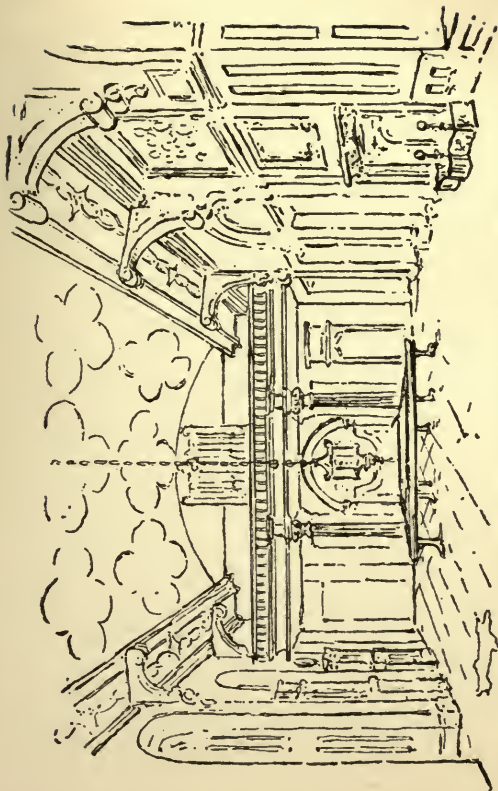
“ *Falstaff*. You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

*Shallow*. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.”

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the court-yard was locked ; there was no show of servants bustling about the place ; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign

of domestic life that I met with was a white cat stealing with wary look and stealthy pace towards the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers, and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion.<sup>(30)</sup> I was courteously received by a worthy old house-keeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations, and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase ;<sup>(31)</sup> and the great hall,<sup>(32)</sup> that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of



RARE SKETCH OF CHARLECOTE GREAT HALL, SHOWING ORGAN.



the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery, in which stands an organ.<sup>(33)</sup> The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fire-place, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the court-yard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three *white lucas*, by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and

broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

"*Shallow.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not : I will make a Star Chamber matter of it ; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

*Slender.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

*Shallow.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum.*

*Slender.* Ay, and *ratalorum* too, and a gentleman born, master parson ; who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

*Shallow.* Ay, that I do ; and have done any time these three hundred years.

*Slender.* All his successors gone before him have done't, and all his ancestors that come after him may ; they may give the dozen *white luces* in their coat. . . .

*Shallow.* The council shall hear it ; it is a riot.

*Evans.* It is not meet the council hear of a riot ; there is no fear of Got in a riot ; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot ; take your vizaments in that.

*Shallow.* Ha ! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it !"

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second :<sup>(34)</sup> the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakespeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost had not been entirely regained by the family even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fire-place, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakespeare's life-time. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son ; the

only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighbouring hamlet of Charlecote. The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-coloured beard."<sup>(35)</sup> His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow;—all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery—so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.\*

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\* Bishop Earle, speaking of the country gentleman of his time, observes: "His housekeeping is seen much in the different families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels; and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true

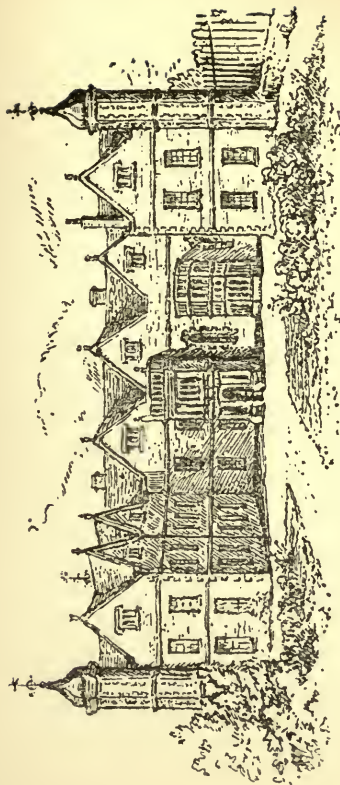
I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared ; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country Squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains ; and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I

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burden of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted with the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses." And Gilpin, in his description of a Mr. Hastings, remarks: "He kept all sorts of hounds that run—buck, fox, hare, otter and badger ; and had hawks of all kinds, both long and short-winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrowbones, and full of hawk perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds and spaniels."

fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving-men with their badges ; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chapfallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors ; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the Knight leaned gracefully forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity "that dwells in womanhood." Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country Squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes ; the theme of all tongues and ages ; the dictator to the human mind ; and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon !

I was now invited by the butler<sup>(36)</sup> to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the



CHARLECOTE HOUSE, EAST FRONT.



orchard and arbour where the Justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence “to a last year’s pippen of his own grafting, with a dish of carraways;” but I had already spent so much of the day in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment: an instance of good old hospitality, which I grieve to say we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakespeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff—

“By cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night. . . . I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused. . . . Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.”

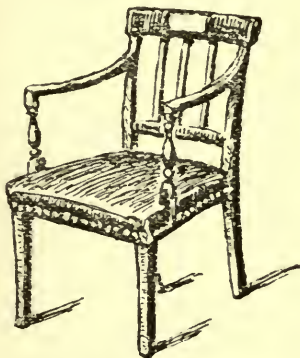
I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favourite ditty:

“’Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide!”



CHARLECOTE CHURCH (1820).

On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet ; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over



THE ARM-CHAIR "THRONE."

the very face of nature ; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairy land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had

been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings ; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power ; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jacques soliloquize beneath his oak ; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands ; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff, and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender, and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honours and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions ; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path ; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life !

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction, which has kept



VIEW FROM CLOPTON BRIDGE.

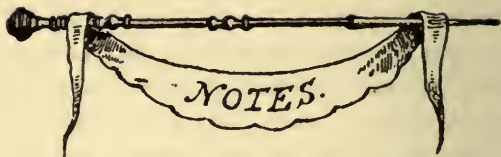
his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile,

which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum ! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility ; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices ; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favour, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honour among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy

look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown ; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place ; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure ; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb !





*The initials placed after the Notes signify their source:—*

S. — Saunders Collection.

W. — Wheler Collection.

ED. — Editors' Notes.



THE arm-chair "Throne," which Irving describes, is still to be seen in the little parlour of the Red Horse Hotel.

—*Ed.*

- (2) The Red Horse Inn, at Stratford-upon-Avon, has, by the "honourable mention" of Geoffry Crayon, acquired much additional celebrity amongst the votaries of Shakespeare, and more particularly with his transatlantic admirers, who are not only numerous but enthusiastic in his cause, and invariably ask leave to be received in the "little parlour." This snug apartment is immediately on the left of the gateway of entrance, and fronts to the Bridge Street.

It is already, through the presents of strangers, decorated with the portrait of Washington Irving, well engraved and framed in gold. And the portion of this admirable delineator's "Sketch Book" relating to Stratford-upon-Avon, neatly bound, lies on the table, to give information, or to receive the remarks of the well-bred critic, and is thus inscribed by the donor—"Presented by Mr. Moncure Robinson, of Virginia, to the landlady of the Red Horse Inn, for the perusal of future pilgrims at Stratford—with an understanding that when too much worn for use it will be replaced by another copy. *September 21st, 1825.*"

This enthusiasm manifests itself whimsically in some instances, for a small party, a short time since, abstracted the "poker" from this apartment, and taking up our author's considering it a symbol of dominion, returned it, in a few days, inscribed "GEOFFREY CRAYON'S SCEPTRE," and displaying an honesty for which the household gave them in the first instance no great credit. And "mine host," a well-read Shakespearian himself, bethought him of our poet's words:

"Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching;  
and in Calais they stole a fireshovel."

And was almost fearful he should lose his own *supremacy* in a consequent inability to "Turn and wind his *fiery Pegasus*" whilst he exclaimed from his gouty throne:

“No hand of blood and bone  
Can gripe the sacred handle of our *Sceptre*,  
Unless he do prophane, *steal*, or usurp.”—*S*.  
The “party” thus facetiously alluded to as having  
abstracted the poker was, in reality, Mr. Henry Van  
Wart, Irving’s brother-in-law. He took it to Birming-  
ham, with the consent of Mr. Isaac Gardner, the



MR. HENRY VAN WART.

then owner of the Red Horse, and had engraved  
upon it “Geoffrey Crayon’s Sceptre.” It is still  
preserved with all reverent care at the hotel, and  
shown to visitors who are interested.—*Ed*.

- (3) Our author is here mistaken ; the church tower never contained a clock, and admitting it did, its distance from the Red Horse would have rendered such sound inaudible. “ The very witching time of night ” was announced, in this instance, from the Market Cross,



OLD MARKET CROSS.

which then supported the public clock nearest to his Inn, and which, about a year and a half subsequently to Mr. Irving's first recorded visit, was pulled down to be succeeded by a contiguous structure of greater extent and convenience to the weekly market.—S.

The ancient Market Cross was taken down August 11th, 1821, and the old clock passed into the possession of the late Mr. John Pearce, whose clockmaker's shop was immediately opposite the building ; it was afterwards fixed at Talton House, about six miles from Stratford-upon-Avon, where it still remains. The present Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon is the grandson of Mr. John Pearce, and will have filled the Mayoral chair three years on 9th November next (1900).—*Ed.*

- (4) Sally Gardiner [Garner], the zealous housekeeper of the establishment, regrets that she did not show herself on this occasion to our author, for she it was who actually rapped at the door, and by subsequently allowing pretty Hannah Cuppage to attend him with the bed candle and warming-pan to No. 15 (immediately over "the little parlour") lost an immortality from his pen. On a future visit, however, she still hopes to exclaim :

"'Tis now midnight, and by eight o'clock to-morrow,  
I may be made immortal."

It should be added that Sally is (as well as her master, Mr. Isaac Gardner), in "single blessedness;" that in dress she is the quakerly personification of the "simplex munditiis," and from surname and obliging and uncontrouled exercise of deputed authority, is constantly supposed to *rightfully assert*, and not

"To *take upon her* the hostess-ship of the day."—*S.*

Having a strong objection to sit for her portrait, no likeness of Sally would have been made had not someone surreptitiously and cleverly cut a paper silhouette of her. The accompanying sketch is



SALLY GARNER.

taken from this silhouette, now in the possession of Alderman W. G. Colbourne. The tray and glasses are a satire upon the maid's temperance proclivity. It is a fact that she would not allow a post-boy to drink a glass of beer until he had first eaten some bread and cheese. Sally was with Mr. Isaac Gardner many years; she retired to Tanworth, near Henley-in-Arden, died at an advanced age, and was buried there.—*Ed.*

- (5) Tradition is the only ground upon which old John Shakespeare having been a woolcomber rests. Yet it is not improbable to have been the case during some portion of his sojourning in Stratford. He is recorded in the town archives as a *Glover*, as a *Yeoman*, as a *Gentleman*—and through all the gradations of municipal rank to that of chief magistrate.—*S.*
- (6) Irving simply saw the middle portion of the house in which the Poet was born ; it originally consisted of sixteen rooms, but at the time of the author's visit it was divided into three tenements.—*Ed.*
- (7) The widow Hornby's is an admirably drawn portrait. She removed from this interesting residence on 10th of October, 1820, when her landlady, the widow Court, took possession, and where our author made his second visit, as before stated ; Mrs. Hornby took away all the *undoubted articles* which belonged to Shakespeare with her, to another habitation immediately *opposite*, where she continued to exhibit them ; yet Geoffrey Crayon is known never again to have exclaimed :—" Shall we go see the relics ?"
- As these rival dowagers parted on envious terms, they were constantly to be seen at their doors abusing each other and their respective visitors, and frequently with so much acerbity as to disgust and even deter the latter from entering either dwelling. The following impromptu proceeded from a traveller who had called on, and been annoyed by both :—

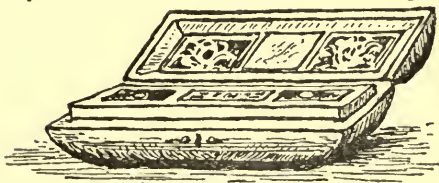
“What—Birthplace here!—and relics there?  
 Abuse from each! ye brawling blowses!  
 Each picks my pocket,—’tis not fair,—  
 A stranger’s “Curse on both your houses!”

This destructive rivalry at length rose to such a height, that in [1823] one street could not contain them, when Mrs. Hornby removed the relics to another receptacle in Wood Street, where they now [1828] *repose*, except the “Tobacco Box,” which her son, leaving home, took away as a remembrance, and of which the following is a correct resemblance :



SHAKESPEARE’S TOBACCO BOX.

It is a pocket box of iron, and in the lid is inserted a burning glass for igniting the “aromatic weed.” The representation given below is that of a Spanish Card-box, embellished with the regal arms



SHAKESPEARE’S CARD BOX.

of King Philip, which is reported by the exhibitor to have been a present to Queen Elizabeth, and from her to Shakespeare !

The real history of the lantern is, that Hart the glazier, a descendant from the poet's sister, formed it out of the broken glass of the birth-house, which he inherited and dwelt in.

The chair shown until 1790, then disappeared ; it was sold by the last resident, Hart, to the agents of a foreigner of distinction. Mr. Burnet, in his " View of the present state of Poland," thus describes this relic: "The Princess Czartoryska has amassed a considerable collection of curiosities of various descriptions. Amongst others the reader may judge of my pleasing surprise, on discovering in Poland, the chair of Shakespeare! It was one day sent for to the saloon: a pretty large chair soon made its appearance, and seemingly consisted of one entire piece of wood, the back being plain, and somewhat ornamented at the sides ; but what appeared to me the strangest circumstance of all was, that the whole was painted or stained of a faint or delicate green colour. Being left to wonder for a while at appearances, which I found myself unable to explain, from the little knowledge I possessed of the antiquities of the reigns of Elizabeth and James, some hand was placed on the back of the chair, a great *case* was uplifted, and behold a little plain, ordinary and whitish wooden

chair appeared, such as might haply be found in most of our cottages of the present day!"—*S.*

In 1823 Mrs. Hornby removed her "relics" from the little house, opposite the Birthplace, to Wood Street. Some years afterwards they were exhibited in Bridge Street, and soon after at 23, High Street, where they were shown to visitors by Mrs. Hornby's grand-daughter, Mrs. Arabella James, until August, 1867, when they were sold by auction; a few of the lots, considered to be genuine, were purchased by the Birthplace Trustees, and friends of Mrs. James bought in most of the remaining lots; these she exhibited until her death in December, 1880, her only sister, Mrs. Smith, then becoming their possessor, removed to 23, High Street, and continued the exhibition for about nine years, when (on the death of her husband), she removed to 5, Trinity Street, and took the objects with her. Remaining there for a year or two she moved to 56, Ely Street, and died there in February, 1893, leaving the relics to her nephew, Mr. Thomas Hornby, of King's Thorpe, in Northamptonshire. He died in 1896, and on the 4th June of that year, they were, together with the much mutilated early Birthplace Visitors' Autograph Albums, sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods, to various purchasers. The whereabouts of the "Tobacco-box" is at present unknown.

*The following prices realised at the sale for some of the chief relics may be of interest :*

	£	s.	d.
Lot 96—A carved oak chair, with high cane back,	8	15	0
„ 97—Ditto do. ... ..	9	0	0
„ 98—An oak arm chair .. ..	12	10	0
„ 99—A child's chair ... ..	6	6	0
„ 100—An oak writing desk, carved ...	3	0	0
„ 101—An oak chest, said to have been Anne Hathaway's... ..	8	5	0
„ 106—A piece of Shakespeare's mulberry tree	2	12	0
„ 107—An old iron lock, from the door of Shakespeare's birth chamber	1	4	0
„ 108—Iron grate and crane, from the Birthplace	0	12	0
„ 109—Iron coffre fort ... ..	4	4	0
„ 110—A card box ... ..	3	3	0
„ 111—A lantern ... ..	6	0	0
„ 112—A basket-hilted sword (described by Washington Irving) ... ..	5	10	0
„ 113—Plaster panel, David and Goliath, 1606 (taken from the wall of Shakespeare's house) ... ..	26	0	0
„ 120—Sir John and Lady Barnard, a pair of portraits... ..	4	10	0
„ 121—Portrait of a girl, said to be Judith Shakespeare .. ..	2	10	0

The portraits of Sir John and Lady Barnard were bought by the Birthplace Trustees. Judith Shakespeare's portrait was bought by Mr. Edward Fox, of

Stratford-upon-Avon, and is now exhibited in the Picture Gallery at the Shakespeare Memorial. The whole sale realised £130 9s. 6d. Messrs. J. and M. L. Tregaskis purchased many of the lots.—

*Ed.*

- (8) Irving was mistaken on that point, owing probably to the division of the house mentioned in Note 6. John Shakespeare's shop consisted of the two lower rooms of the portion now used for a Museum and Library.—

*Ed.*

- (9) Miss Hawkins, thus adverts to the dramatic powers of the proprietor of the relics:

“Mrs. Hornby, a very decent nurse-like woman in her exterior, appears very singular in her mind. She writes and prints plays and verses of her own composition. From the newspapers she has made a tragedy of the battle of Waterloo, the queerest thing imaginable. The interlocutors' names are in initials, the P.R., D.Y., and the Marquess of W. She has made our Ministry sitting in council, under the appellations of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Minister. In one act she has made Buonaparte in Paris, and Louis a fugitive; in the next she has made the Parisians merely conjecturing Buonaparte's escape from Elba. But her innocent conceit is the most curious circumstance of her character. She talks of her performances with wondrous approbation; she *says* she *composes* whenever she cannot *sleep* ;” [surely it must be herself thereto] “and has *written* some beautiful verses, &c.”

Miss Hawkins certainly overrates the literary acquirements of Mrs. Hornby. Othello says—

“There is no *composition* in news

That gives them credit.”

They are better estimated by Dogberry—

“To write and read comes by nature.”

In fact, the reputed authoress is none!—S.

Printed copies of Mrs. Hornby's compositions are in the Birthplace and Memorial Libraries, and the following description of the brochures may be of interest :

“The / Battle of Waterloo, / a tragedy, / by Mary Hornby. / Stratford-upon-Avon. / Printed for the Author, by W. Barnacle / 1819.”

In the Preface it is stated that “The following pages were originally written in detached parts, in the same room which gave birth to my great Predecessor, the immortal Shakespeare.”

Alas poor Mary ! though her will was good her poetic muse went halting, and she “humbly implored, from an indulgent public, that kindness, which an unprotected Female never asked in vain.”

“Extemporary / verses, / written at the / Birthplace / of / Shakespeare, / at / Stratford-upon-Avon, / by people of genius ; / To which is added, / a brief History of the immortal / Bard and family, / with / a discourse on Natural / and Moral Philosophy, / by Mary Hornby. / Price One Shilling.—Barnacle, Printer, Stratford.”

This very rare tract contains an address—"To the Public," wherein Mary Hornby vindicates herself against the "design of her enemies," who had thrown discredit upon the Shakespeare relics. "The House is the same as when my late husband was put in possession of it, which was by Thomas Hart, of whom he also purchased part of the Relics which I shew in the House. The Poet's descendants lived here in regular succession until my husband took it."

There can be no doubt about the correctness of Mrs. Hornby's statement, though she is believed to have added to the original collection purchased at a valuation from Thomas Hart, on May 20th, 1793. But the Harts were collateral, not direct descendants of the poet, being descended from Shakespeare's sister Joan, who married William Hart.

As an example of Mary's "poetry," the following lines may be quoted :—

"'Twas Shakespeare's skill to draw the tender tear,  
For never heart felt passion more sincere;  
See Shakespeare's awful rev'rend shade,  
And bind thy brows with laurel made."—M.H.

Mary Hornby's account of the "dice box" runs as follows :—

"Shakespeare had a goblet of great value, with his arms engraved upon it, it was supposed to have been introduced to the King of Spain; this goblet was a round drinking vessel or cup, made without

a resting part, so that the person was obliged to drink what it contained or run the hazard of spilling the Liquor if he set it down ; in return, he [the King of Spain] presented the Poet with a gold embroidered dice box ; upon account of the immense profit the Duke made by wool."—p. 14.

Poor Mary seems to have gone wool gathering at the end of this sentence, but probably this allusion is to John Shakespeare's trade, to which she had previously referred.—*Ed.*

Robert Bell Wheler had no belief in Mrs. Hornby's poetic powers, and states that—"It is well known that not any of her plays, scarcely any part of them, were of her own composition. Bad as they are, she had not the ability to write them. They were composed by various persons whom she employed and paid. I have heard that a recruiting sergeant supplied her with a considerable portion. Her ignorance was as great as her credulity, and she debated whether she should make "The Battle of Waterloo" a Comedy or a Tragedy, and at last made it, as Miss Hawkins justly observes, "the queerest thing imaginable." . . . She had three children, Mary Spiers Hornby (afterwards married to Joseph Reasen, a butcher in Wood Street, Stratford), Richard Shakespeare Hornby, and John Hornby ; the latter of whom died a minor 19th August, 1815."—*W.*

- ( 10 ) The same prepossession as to the distance of the church, as that cleared up in Note 3.—*S. and Ed.*

- (11) Jack-daws, not rooks, build in, and hover about the church tower. A colony of the latter have, during the last spring [1828], settled in the lofty elms here.

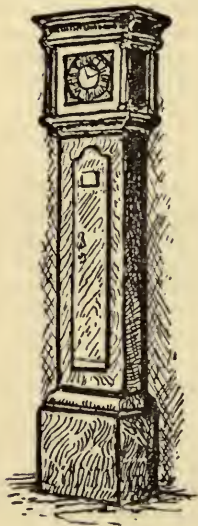
—S.

- (12) William Edmonds, whom our author accurately describes, was then the Clerk of the Parish, and resided in the central building of the group of cottages in the vignette, the low doorway of which entered into the kitchen so minutely and correctly remarked by Mr. Irving. Being then a widower, his grand-daughter, Sally Kite, kept his house; she subsequently married James Trinder, a carpenter.—

S.

William Edmonds was born about 1740, but his baptism does not appear to be entered in the Stratford-upon-Avon Registers. He married Elizabeth Nichols, of Stratford-upon-Avon, on 6th October, 1761, their only child, Elizabeth, was baptised 18th November, 1768; on 13th April, 1796, she married Francis Horn Kite, of Stratford, by whom she had five sons and one daughter, of whom Thomas, the youngest, born 30th June, 1809, died at Stratford-upon-Avon 27th December, 1899. From 1829 to 1860 he occupied the post of Parish Clerk and conducted Mr. M. Van Buren, Minister of the United States, Washington Irving, the secretary, and Mr. John Van Buren, son of the above, through the church on their visit 20th December, 1831.

The old sexton's wife died in February, 1811, and his grand-daughter, Sally Kite, "a pretty blue-eyed girl," born 6th November, 1796, kept his house until his death, 27th April, 1823, at the age of 83 years. She then, as Saunders observes, "married James Trinder" and had issue, some of whom are still living in Stratford.—*Ed.*



- (13) This clock now stands in the "little parlour" of the Red Horse Hotel, and bears, upon a brass plate, the following inscription :—

The  
Old Sexton's Clock,  
mentioned in the  
"Sketch Book,"

by

Washington Irving.

It was made by "Thomas Sharp, Stratford;" the man who purchased the wood of the mulberry tree, planted by Shakespeare at New Place, after it had been cut down by the Rev. Francis Gastrell, in 1756.—*Ed.*

- (14) This was, many years ago, given to a tradesman of Stratford-upon-Avon to repair, and was never returned, nor can its whereabouts now be traced. It is represented as hanging to the left of the clock in the view of the interior of Edmond's cottage.—*Ed.*
- (15) Joseph Ainge was at that time one of the almsmen of the borough. These cronies [Ainge and Edmonds], lie buried in the churchyard, as foreseen, Edmonds having died on the 27th of April, 1823, and Ainge, on 11th of October, 1824, the one aged 83, the latter 88.—*S.*

Irving evidently misunderstood the Christian name of Ainge. Edmonds would familiarly address him as "Joe," and Irving took it to be John. Ainge married Isabel Nichols, of Stratford-upon-Avon, on 12th October, 1761. He was appointed to an almshouse on 6th February, 1805, in the place of Joseph Buck, deceased.—*Ed.*

- (16) At the conclusion of that Jubilee, Edmonds secured a curious wooden punch-ladle which, having passed



WOODEN PUNCH-LADLE USED AT THE  
JUBILEE, 1769.

to his only child Elizabeth, ultimately became the property of her youngest son Thomas Kite, from whom it was purchased on 1st March, 1899, by the Trustees and Guardians of Shakespeare's Birthplace, and placed in the Birthplace Museum.—*Ed.*

- (17) Jordan, the Stratford *poet*, among many other vagaries was, at one period, extremely anxious to establish a belief that Shakespeare was born at a house by the Waterside, at the eastern extremity of Mr. Hunt's garden, called the Brook house. It was pulled down about 17 . . , and in 1597 had been occupied by a coal dealer. Jordan sent his proofs to Mr. Malone, and was most sanguine that he would, in his expected new edition, make a decisive use of them. They have not, however, been promulgated by Mr. Boswell, and doubtless were inconclusive. By the Chamberlain's accounts of 1597 it appears that there was "paid to Thomas Waring, of the Broke house, for lxxij qr. of colles—iij li. xij s."—*W.*

The "old sexton" was evidently imbued with Jordan's theory.—*Ed.*

- (18) The doors were removed by request of the present Vicar in 1891, and sold by one of the churchwardens in 1894. Whereupon the parishioners demanded that these relics of a former age should be returned. They have since been lying in an outhouse on the south side of the churchyard. An account of their cost, in

1617, may be seen in the Vestry Minute Book of Stratford-upon-Avon, p. 6, lately published by the Rev. G. Arbuthnot, Vicar of the Parish.—*Ed.*

(19) These were chiefly over monuments to the Clopton family and Sir George and Lady Carew ; only a few pieces now remain.—*Ed.*

(20) This is very doubtful, but the lines may have been written by those who knew his wishes.—*Ed.*

(21) With reference to the bust, the following “excuse” and remarks appear in one of the church albums (deposited in the Birthplace Library), and are from the pen of the celebrated painter, R. B. Haydon—

“An excuse for Malone’s painting Shakespeare’s bust:

Ye who visit the shrine

Of the poet divine

With patient Malone don’t be vexed !

On his face he’s thrown light

By painting it white

Which you know he ne’er did on his text !

July 18, 1828.”

(*Signed with monogram*) R. B. H.

July 19, [1828].

“The more this bust of Shakespeare is studied, the more every one must be convinced of its truth of form, feature, and expression. Some one has said, “If it be not a flattering, at *least* it is a faithful resemblance”

—*at least!*; the faithful resemblance of a great man, is the most important part of a Portrait. No ideal or poetical conception however elevated could have exceeded or equalled, the form and beauty of the upper part of the head, from the eye-brows: the forehead is as firm as Raphael's or Bacon's; and the form of the nose and exquisite refinement of the mouth, with its amiable, genial hilarity of wit and good-nature; so characteristic, so evidently *unideal*, bearing truth in every curve, with a little bit of the teeth shewing, at the moment of smiling, which must have been often seen, by those who had the happiness to know Shakespeare, and must have been pointed out to the sculptor as necessary to likeness when he (Shakespeare) was dead. The whole bust is stamped with an air of fidelity, perfectly invaluable. Some have thought the upper lip was lengthened, to give room for the mustachis; but our artist who has proved himself so able in the form and feature of the other parts, would have never dared to take such an unwarrantable liberty. The great object in the resemblances of great men should be *truth*: the disease of the present generation, when they are painted, is not to be made as *they are* even in *their best looks*, but as *they wish* nature had made them! All true individual expression and character is lost in a general air of effeminate fashion and dandyism. Those who have Roman noses, beg they may be made *straight*, and those who have short ones, order them

to be painted *long*; thus all faith is lost, and a portrait no longer becomes what the portraits of the illustrious especially ought always to be, viz.: a future subject of speculation for the physionomist, the artist, and the philosopher. This bust of Shakespeare is the very reverse in execution of the weakness complained of; and as long as the material lasts, will convey to all adorers, a form of head and feature, and a look and expression, on which their enthusiasm may implicitly rely. The best view of it is *in profile*, when standing on the vaults and looking between the little black Corinthian column and the back of the monument—no one who sees it, thus, will affirm I have exaggerated its pretensions.

Hail and farewell !

*Underneath is written,—*

H."

"Aug. 1832.

Remarks worthy of Haydon—Dan. McClise."—*Ed.*

The eminent sculptor Sir Francis Chantrey, while staying with the Rev. Francis Palmer, Rector of Alcester, visited Stratford-upon-Avon, and on his return Mr. Palmer asked him what he thought of Shakespeare's bust in the Parish Church, to which he replied—"The head is as finely chiselled as a master man could do it, but the bust any common labourer would produce."—*Ed.*

- (22) Here we have a correct statement as to the non-intrusion of any unhallowed hand into the sacred

depository of Shakespeare's dust, on this occasion, which honestly counteracts the impression which Sir Richard Phillips pretends to have received, on the spot, from a gentleman whose delicate devotion and zeal for his transcendent townsman is as conspicuous as his incapability of misleading the book-making knight to print so flagrant a perversion of the valuable information which Mr. ——— generously did impart.

[*Vide* "Monthly Magazine," Feb. 1818.]—S.

- (23) Fulbrook Park, on the opposite side of the Avon, which also belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, and formed an appendage or continuation of the Charlecote Park, is the place traditionally related to be the site of the youthful Shakespeare's depredations; and here, on a commanding eminence, called Daisy Hill, now occupied as a farm-house, yet stands the Ranger's Lodge, where the captured deer-stalkers are said to have passed the night in durance, previous to their being taken before Sir Thomas for his fiat.—S.

In 1510, Henry VIII. gave the manor of Fulbrook to Thomas Lucy, sewer to the King, to hold during pleasure. John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, next received it from the Crown in 1547, and upon his attainder as chief delinquent in the Lady Jane Grey's affair, Queen Mary, in 1553, granted it to her Privy Councillor, Sir Francis Englefield, to hold *in capite*. In 1586 he was attainted and convicted of high

treason, and his possessions forfeited, but the proceeds were not appropriated by the Queen. On his death at Valladolid, in 1592, Fulbrook, having previously reverted to the Crown by his attainder, was re-granted, but this time in *fee simple*, to Nicholas Faunt, Clerk of the Signet, with remainder to Margaret, widow of John Englefield, the brother of Sir Francis. Sir Francis Englefield, son of this Margaret, sold the estate to the third Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in 1615, for £1,850, as is shewn by the original deeds still extant. It is thus seen that from 1553 to 1592 Fulbrook Park was held *in capite* of the Crown by Sir Francis Englefield, that he was attainted and his property sequestered up to 1592, it therefore follows, that Sir Thomas Lucy had no property in Fulbrook at this time; nor, indeed had the Lucy family any right in the estate until the year before Shakespeare's death.

For further information respecting the deer-stealing tradition we would refer our readers to a pamphlet written in 1862, by the late Charles Holte Bracebridge, entitled "Shakespeare no Deerstealer," and to a letter by Mr. Edward J. L. Scott, MSS. Department, British Museum, contributed to the *Athenæum*, June 6th, 1896.—*Ed.*

- (24) The sequel of this song is thus supplied by John Jordan, the poetic wheelwright of Stratford, to whom

Malone gave implicit and *extraordinary* credence—

He's a haughty, proud, insolent knight of the shire,  
At home nobody loves, yet there's many him feare.  
If Lucy is Lowsie as some volke miscall it  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

To the Sessions he went and dyd sorely complain  
His parke had been rob'd, and his deer they were slain.  
This Lucy is Lowsie as some volke miscall it  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

He sayd 'twas a ryot his men had been beat,  
His venson was stole and clandestinely eat.  
Soe Lucy is Lowsie as some volke miscall it  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

Soe haughty was he when the fact was confess'd  
He said 'twas a crime that could not be redress'd  
Soe Lucy is Lowsie as some volke miscall it  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

Though Lucies a dozen he wears on his coat  
His name it shall Lowsie for Lucy be wrote.  
For Lucy is Lowsie as some volke miscall it  
Synge Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

If a juvenile frolic he cannot forgive  
We'll sing Lowsie Lucy as long as we live.  
And Lucy the Lowsie a libel may call it,  
We'll sing Lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.—S.

Jordan professed to have discovered the above in an  
old chest at Shottery.—*Ed.*

- (25) Drayton, in "The thirteenth Song" of his *Polyolbion*, thus charmingly enables this vale to describe her beauties and extent—

"from where my head I couch  
A *Cotswold's* countries foot, till with my heeles I touch  
The *North-hamptonian* fields, and fatning Pastures;  
where  
I rauish euery eye with my inticing cheere.

. . . . .  
For showing of my bounds, if men may rightly ghesse,  
By my continued forme which best doth me expresse,  
On either of my sides and by the rising grounds,  
Which in one fashion hold,asmymost certaine Mounds  
In length neere thirtie miles I am discern'd to bee."—

*Ed.*

- (26) The path was across a portion of the present park, which extends from the Lodge gates to what is known as Old Town on the left and the highway on the right; an addition made some forty years ago. Originally the park consisted of 210 acres, but at the present time about 250 acres, well stocked with herds of fallow and red deer.—*Ed.*

- (27) Fine oaks and elms were, no doubt, thickly growing by the side of the path Irving took, but the only avenue, near his course, was the oldest portion of the present one, which consists of ancient and beautiful lime trees.—*Ed.*

- (28) This was the statue of Diana on a pedestal. It was removed some few years ago.—*Ed.*
- (29) The great gateway was built from a design by John of Padua, and is a magnificent example of an Elizabethan gatehouse.—*Ed.*
- (30) The position of this lateral portal has been altered since Irving's time owing to that end of the house having been added to and remodelled in 1833.—*Ed.*
- (31) This is doubtless the one still existing in the present little hall, and would, in Irving's day, be near the "lateral portal."—*Ed.*
- (32) The illustration given on p. 85 is probably the only sketch of the hall, showing the gallery and organ, in existence; it is at least the only one known to the editors.—*Ed.*
- (33) The organ has been transferred to the new Church of Hampton Lucy, a noble structure, built in the purest imitation of the florid style of King Henry VII. and forming a noble memorial of the taste and liberality of the Lucy family, as well as the most imposing feature of the rich surrounding landscape. The hall, however, has been compensated for its musical loss, by the acquisition of the splendid Mosaic table, which formerly graced Mr. Beckford's seat at Fonthill, and for which, with a few other costly articles of *virtu*, which now decorate this apartment, the present proprietor paid upwards of £2,000.—*S.*

Hampton Lucy Church was rebuilt between the years 1822-26, and in 1858 an apse and porch, from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, were added.—*Ed.*

- (34) The beauty of Charles the Second's time, who gambled, was "one of the Lucy family" only by marriage. She was Katherine Wheatley, wife of Thomas Lucy (1678-1684), and after his death married a Duke of Northumberland. Moreover, her picture is by Sir Godfrey Kneller, *not* by Sir Peter Lely.—*Ed.*
- (35) The picture alluded to is of the family of the grandson of the "vindictive knight." A very fine miniature portrait of this grandson, painted on copper by the celebrated Isaac Oliver, also hangs in the hall at Charlecote. He is portrayed with a "cane-coloured beard." A copy of the portrait is in Shakespeare's Birthplace Library.—*Ed.*
- (36) The butler ——— Russell, and the housekeeper ——— Vyse, have since united their means in a malting establishment in the adjoining parish of Wellesbourne, and married.—*S.*
- The butler's name was William Russell and the housekeeper's Mary Vyze. They were married by licence in Charlecote Church May 8th, 1828.—*Ed.*





RED HORSE STABLES.



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